

# The Lomond Press

VOL. 2. NO 41

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1918.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

## CENTRAL GARAGE BURNED

The Chinese Laundry Also Destroyed.

was discovered just under the roof over the office part in the Central Garage. Volunteer fire fighters swarmed on the job but their efforts were futile as far as checking the flames was concerned. When the fire was seen to be hopelessly beyond control many hands set to work and removed the cars that were in the garage and cleared away a good deal of machinery that was stored dangerously close. For a time it looked as if the north-east corner of the town was doomed to go, but the men worked hard and organized themselves into groups to protect the buildings in every direction from the flying embers. Fortunately the wind dropped in volume and made it possible to prevent the spreading of the fire to other than the Chinese laundry, which was entirely consumed.

The garage building was 75 by 50 feet and while the building itself was fairly well protected by insurance, the complement of repair tools, battery parts, accessories, electric light plant, etc., presents a loss of no small proportions.

The repair department was opened temporarily in the Miller building on Monday, but Mr. Bowers has not decided on his plans for the future.

The laundryman has purchased the Billes house and will re-instate himself as soon as he gets it moved onto his own lot.

On Friday evening in the midst of a terrific wind, the town was given a fire scare when Jang's chimney burned out and threw a stream of sparks very nearly to the railway tracks. Precautionary measures were immediately taken and the fire drawn from kitchen range for the balance of the evening.

What proved to be a greatly exaggerated pessimistic war report came over the wires on Sunday and pretty well set us all on edge. The German drive is on. The Allies suffered heavily and were forced to fall back. The result is still in doubt but appears more favorable each day. The number of men engaged is unprecedented and the casualties are appalling—and they are not all Allied casualties either.

o o o

T.R. Farrand came over from Vulcan on Wednesday.

## Easter tide

IT IS HARD to even meditate on the past or what the future holds in store for us. Yet it is an act of wisdom to set aside a few minutes each day for the taking of an inventory of one's own self. This life is made up of symbols. Easter, symbolizing the triumph of life over death, very fittingly comes at the seed-time season and enlivens our hopes and ambitions toward a bountiful harvest. By faith we labor and plant, resting on the favor of providence for our reward. But think! Life is more than carnal and material. If it were not so, man like an ox, would be content each day on a stall-fed existence. No, there is something from within, some finer sensibility that responds to an appeal from the beyond, that creates within man a desire for knowledge yet unattained. These times of trial and strife are hard to define. Peace and good will appear to have gone a-begging. Man's duty it is to stand erect, to sustain a manly courage, to industriously labor and honestly abide in the precepts of conscience.

## Church Notes

"The Coming Rival" was Mr. Irwin's Subject on Sunday night which was listened to by a big house in the I. O. O. F. Hall. The preacher described the revival as the discovery we are going to make that the things which we now believe are true and worthy of practice. Not only in the matter of Ethics and Morals but also in the sacrifice we have a universal conviction that it is unjustifiable although present necessities may require it. The communistic tendencies which are so thoroughly believed in notwithstanding the selfish individualism we practice will take shape in a reconstruction of society on a basis of justice and equal privilege. Just as Martin Luther said nothing new but confirmed the doubts which had been silently entertained for three centuries. So the Evangelist of the future will find these dormant convictions and stating them in terms better than those in which we think them he will prove them to be social dynamite which only awaits the touch of his torch.

The subject on Easter Sunday will be appropriate to the occasion.

## LOMOND DISTRICT.

Mr. Reid has bought Jas. Shaw's place north of town and his brother-in-law, Mr. Blake, is going to work it.

"Oh you Mr. Chinook. You are very kind to bring us a nice spring, but you are burning the beans now".

The gentleman who bought the Montgomery quarter, is out here now looking over his late purchase.

The rumor has been confirmed that Mr. Martin Leonard was married to Miss Kattie Redding. Friends on both sides wish them long life and happiness in their new turn of life.

Bob Cant reports doing a good bus

iness selling the Rawleigh line.

Howard Finley has been lately pulling cars out of the large summer resort south of town, which conveniently crosses the grade making it possible for motorists, who stay there for awhile when going up that road, to step right in the water thus avoiding sunstroke.

Two of Mr. and Mrs. J. McKay's children have an attack of pneumonia. They are being attended by Dr. Walkey.

Some are putting around the municipal poison and the gophers are biting the dust in large numbers.

Harrowing to conserve the moisture is in progress and some breaking will likely be done before seeding.

## I. O. O. F. ENCAMPMENT

Through the amalgamation of efforts on the part of the I. O. O. F. Lodges at Vulcan, Lomond, and other towns, an Encampment is to be instituted at Vulcan tonight (Friday). This is the highest degree of Oddfellowship and Lomond is being represented by more than thirty applications.

## FILL OUT AND FILE INCOME TAX FORMS

It was inevitable that an income war tax law should have been placed on the statute books. The growing demands made upon Canada, as one of the free nations of the world, engaged in the life and death battle with the forces of barbarism, and the necessity of distributing the burden as equitably as possible, made the imposition of a tax, based on ability to pay, merely a matter of time.

The department of finance is now calling for the filing of the necessary forms filled out as required, before the 31st of March. While penalties for failure to carry out the requirements of the

## LOCALETS

Mr. and Mrs. Tudor returned to Lomond on Friday night from Olds, where they had been for the winter.

and Mrs. W. S. Bailey and Clarence Brubaker returned home last week from a winter's trip to Texas and other states of the Union.

Mr. and Mrs. Mossom of Barons are over to spend Easter with their daughter, Mrs. F.A. Marshall at Kinnondale.

Mrs. Crum has moved out to her farm at Kinnondale.

Born—On Saturday, March 23rd., to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Elliott, near Travers, a son.

Born, on Tuesday, March 26th., to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hodgins, near Lomond, a daughter (stillborn).

Mr. J. Munro came home on the Tuesday night's train.

Mr. Erskine, of the Elliott, Argue & Co. store, and wife, came in on Tuesday from Cartwright, Manitoba, and are taking the suite of rooms over the drug store.

W. H. Smith has taken up an office over the bank and is also having the telephone moved across. W. H. is going to make a stab for an improved telephone service.

Mr. Hoydge has accepted a position on the teaching staff of the school at Brooks.

"Doc" Neil has sold his car to Tom Rodgers and left town, presumably to go to the Peace River country.

C. R. Adams has disposed of his McLaughlin agency to Frank Wilson. Mr. Adams purposes to again take over the active management of his ranch.

Seeding will probably commence next week if the present weather holds.

Remember the apron sale and tea in the church on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Saunders returned home from Okotoks on Tuesday.

E. E. Saunders has purchased a half section of land from Johnny Holo and he and R. R. purpose going into the farming to considerable dimensions.

It is not too early to get your sweet pea beds ready.

Dr. Walkey was unfortunate in getting caught in the Stallop slough while on the road to Travers Monday, which goes to prove that even the high power car is not a successful antidote for a lack of road work.

Canadians are to be put on rations by the Food Control beginning April 7th.

act are provided, it is confidently expected that the people of Canada, jealous of their right to play a major role in the conflict, will respond to this latest call in a spirit of quit patriotism.

The recent winds have done some havoc in this district. The new granary that R. Plukett had been building was blown to the ground.

## The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.  
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP

LOMOND, ALBERTA, MARCH 29, 1918

### NOTES

No more booze.

No more pre-emptions.

Canadian women now have the franchise.

We'll soon be getting up at four o'clock, thinkin' it's five. The Ottawa House is adopting the daylight saving bill.

The Winnipeg Telegram has been interested enough to actually demonstrate that bread can be baked at home at five cents per lb.—just half what city retailers charge for it.

Pessimistic weather prophets again are out spreading their gloomy forebodings with the usual source of conclusions to back them up. Well, if it gives them any pleasure it does us no particular harm. It should be remembered, though, that in the spring of 1915 Foster predicted that not a binder would used west of the Great Lakes. Perhaps he had been using some adulterated Bow River water. You recall how accurate was the prediction.

Plow deep, cultivate well and poison the gophers.

Following the usual custom, The Press should publish a long tirade on the lack of fire protection. What's the use? We all fully realize the fact but are at a loss to find a practical solution to the problem. Rigid enforcement of rubbish and chimney bylaws and a generous supply of chemical extinguishers will go a long way toward mitigate the danger of future conflagrations.

Amusing incidents are often evidenced amid most serious circumstances. On Saturday night a rooster from a coop adjoining the fire circled round and round the building at a clip rated about 157½, accompanied by a 'Dead March in Saul' of his own making. Later Mr. Willard found him safely in hiding under one of beds in the hotel.

### WANTED

Girl with fair elementary education to work in THE PRESS office.

## Eat at the Commercial Cafe

Meals Served from 6:00  
a.m. to 9:00 p.m.

Short Orders a la carte.  
Meal Tickets \$8.00

**M. D. ELLIOTT**  
PROPRIETOR

## Bread for Sale

Fresh from the Hat Twice  
a Week.

Dad Cox Cafe.

## BUILDING? YES!

Our stock of Carpenter's Tools and Builder's Hardware is bound to be of interest to anyone that is figuring to build this summer.

"The Tin-Shop Takes Care of the Furnace."

**L. H. Phillips**

**F. O. McKENNA**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY  
Office: Above Standard Bank  
LOMOND - - ALBERTA.

**HERBERT J. MABER**  
SOLICITOR AND  
BARRISTER  
VULCAN - - ALBERTA

### Restaurant

Jang How, Prop.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Soft Drinks Temperance Beer,  
Confectionery, Cigars and Tobacco

## Bow City Coal Mine!

Plenty of Coal Ready - Plenty of Miners  
No Delay in Loading Teams.  
\$4.00 Per Ton

**THE PRAIRIE COAL COMPANY, LTD.**  
Eyremore P. O.

# Spring Stocks to Hand

We announce with pride the opening of our spring stocks of Men's and Boys' Toggery. From the best markets of the world comes our representative showing of everything New and Smart in Men's Wear.

In Work Clothes, too, we have something of special interest, being able to offer many lines at below to-day's wholesale prices.

**The Frank Brown Co., Ltd.**

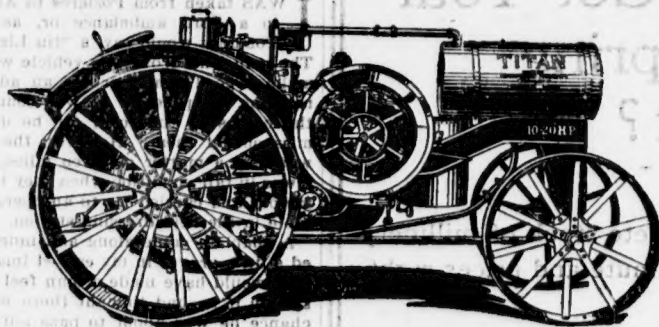


# Are You Equipped for Spring?

Is your machinery equipment complete? Is it a Drill, a Plow, a Disc or a Set of Drags that you require to advantageously take care of the spring's work on the farm? Remember, the I.H.C. service does not quit at the time you buy your machine but stands behind you with a practically perfect repair system. This, as you well know is an invaluable asset to the farmer. You can always depend on the I.H.C.

## Which? Oats at 90c. or Kerosene at 25c.

Which will plow the cheapest? Kerosene, of course! And the Titan is made expressly to burn kerosene.



Are you buying power this spring? If so, the little "Titan" will interest you. It is the one engine on the market with a perfect performance record under actual working conditions on kerosene fuel. The secret of the whole thing lies in the feature of construction on the fuel feed. The machine in itself embodies all the necessary features that commend themselves for hard work in the west. Come and see for yourself.

## Axelson & Williamson

I. H. C. AGENTS

LOMOND, Alberta

# The C. B. Shimp Land Co.

Will open up a temporary office in the Delaney & Armstrong's implement office and solicit a share of your patronage. T. R. Farrand will be in charge to attend your every want and no deal is too small or too large for us to handle.

We not only handle Real Estate, but all lines of Insurance.

At present we are especially desirous of Land Listing from this district.

**C. B. Shimp Land Co.**  
LOMOND and VULCAN

## Have You Got Your New Spring Hat?

My large and complete stock of millinery is here—styles up-to-the-minute and prices right. Call in and see them.

Styles made to order.

**MRS. A. GREENWOOD**



EST'D 1878

**THE  
STANDARD BANK**

OF CANADA  
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

**TRUST FUNDS**

Our Savings Department gives you a guarantee of absolute security and interest at current rate.

**LOMOND BRANCH**

C. H. ST. JOHN,

Manager.



SERGEANT MCCLINTOCK.

## "OVER THERE"

The Thrill and the Hell of the Trenches, Described by an American Boy.

Sergeant Alexander McClintock of Lexington, Ky., and the Canadian Army has Greeting Tale That Every American Will Read, For He Tells the Facts—Unadorned. Wounded, a Distinguished Conduct Medal Man, He Was Invalided Home, but Is Going "Out There" Again to Fight For Uncle Sam and His Allies. An Inspiring, Interesting, Personal Narrative, Full of the Spirit and Atmosphere of the Trenches.

### No. 6. Decorated For Bravery; Home and Uncle Sam.

By Sergeant Alexander McClintock,  
D. C. M., 87th Overseas Batt.,  
Canadian Gren. Guards.

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*This is the concluding article of the series of six by Sergeant McClintock, an American boy of Lexington, Ky., who has seen service in France, was decorated for bravery and invalided home. He has been promised a commission in our army. The first five installments told of the fighting in Belgium and on the Somme, where he was desperately wounded. This final installment describes his journey to the rear with twenty-two pieces of shrapnel in one leg and his meeting with the king in a London hospital.*

I WAS taken from Pozieres to Albert in a Ford ambulance or, as the Tommies would say, a "tin Lizzie." The man who drove this vehicle would make a good chauffeur for an adding machine. Apparently he was counting the bumps in the road, for he didn't miss one of them. However, the trip was only a matter of seven miles, and I was in fair condition when they lifted me out and carried me to an operating table in the field dressing station.

A chaplain came along and murmured a little prayer in my ear. I imagine that would have made a man feel very solemn if he had thought there was a chance he was about to pass out, but I knew I merely had a leg pretty badly smashed up, and while the chaplain was praying I was wondering if they would have to cut it off. I figured, if so, this would handicap my dancing.

The first formality in a shrapnel case is the administration of an anti-tetanus inoculation, and when it is done you realize that they are sure trying to save your life. The doctor uses a horse syringe, and the injection leaves a lump on your chest as big as a baseball, which stays with you for forty-eight hours. After the injection a nurse fills out a diagnosis blank with a description of your wounds and a record of your name, age, regiment, regimental number, religion, parentage and previous history as far as she can discover it without asking questions which would be positively indelicate. After all of that my wounds were given their first real dressing.

Immediately after this was done I was bundled into another ambulance and driven to Contay, where the C. C. S. (casualty clearing station) and rail head were located. In the ambulance

with me were three other soldiers, an artillery officer and two privates of infantry. We were all ticketed as shrapnel cases and probable recoveries, which latter detail is remarkable, since the most slightly injured of the four had twelve wounds, and there were sixty odd shell fragments or shrapnel balls collectively imbedded in us. The nurse had told me that I had about twenty wounds. Afterward her count proved conservative. More accurate and later returns showed twenty-two bullets and shell fragments were in my leg. They took these out and presented them to me. I have been giving them away for souvenirs.

We were fairly comfortable in the ambulance, and I especially had great relief from the fact that the nurse had strapped my leg in a sling attached to the top of the vehicle. We smoked cigarettes and chatted cheerfully, exchanging congratulations on having got "clean ones"—that is, wounds not probably fatal. The artillery officer told me he had been supporting our battalion that morning with one of the "sacrifice batteries."

A sacrifice battery, I might explain, is one composed of field pieces which are emplaced between the front and support lines and which in case of an attack or counterattack are fired at point blank range. They call them sacrifice batteries because some of them are wiped out every day. This officer said our battalion that morning had been supported by an entire division of artillery and that on our front of 400 yards the eighteen pounders alone, in a curtain fire which lasted thirty-two minutes, had discharged 15,000 rounds of high explosive shells.

I was impressed by his statement, of course, but I told him that what he was an astonishing lot of ammunition. It was even more surprising to have noticed at close range as I did the number of Germans they were toward the end of our trip. They were much exhausted and shaken up. We were beginning also to realize we were by no means out of the woods surgically. Our wounds had merely been dressed. Each of us faced an extensive and serious operation. We arrived at Contay silent and pretty badly depressed. For twenty-four hours in the Contay casualty clearing station they did little except feed us and take our temperatures hourly. Then we were put into a hospital train for Rouen.

### Germans Bomb Hospital Train.

Right here I would like to tell a little story about a hospital train leaving Contay for Rouen—not the one we were on, but one which had left a few days before. The train, when it was just ready to depart with a full quota of wounded men, was attacked by German aeroplanes from which bombs were dropped upon it. There is nothing apparently that makes the Germans so fearless and ferocious as the Red Cross emblem. On the top of each of the cars in this train there was a



Red Cross big enough to be seen from miles in the air. The German aviators accepted them merely as excellent targets. Their bombs quickly knocked three or four cars from the rails and killed several of the helplessly wounded men. The rest of the patients, weak and nervous from recent shock and injury, some of them half delirious and nearly all of them absolutely helpless and in pain, were thrown into near panic.

Two of the nursing sisters in charge of the train were the coolest individuals present. They walked calmly up and down its length, urging the patients to remain quiet, directing the male attendants how to remove the wounded men safely from the wrecked cars and paying no attention whatever to the bombs which were still exploding near the train. I did not have the privilege of witnessing this scene myself, but I know that I have accurately described it, for the details were told in an official report when the king decorated the two sisters with the Royal Red Cross for valor in the face of the enemy.

The trip from Contay to Rouen was a nightmare—twenty-six hours traveling 150 miles on a train which was forever stopping and starting, its jerky and uncertain progress meaning to us just hours and hours of suffering. I do not know whether this part of the system for the removal of wounded has been improved now. Then, its inconveniences and imperfections must have been inevitable, for in every way afterward the most thoughtful and tender care was shown us. In the long rows of huts which compose the British general hospital at Rouen we found ourselves in what seemed like paradise.

In the hut which constituted the special ward for leg wounds I was lifted from the stretcher on which I had traveled all the way from Poitiers into a comfortable bed with fresh, clean sheets, and instantly I found myself surrounded with quiet, trained, efficient care. I forgot the pain of my wounds and the dread of the coming operation when a tray of delicious food was placed beside my bed and a nurse prepared me for the enjoyment of it by bathing my face and hands with scented water.

On the following morning my leg was X rayed and photographed. I told the surgeon I thought the business of operating could very well be put off until I had had about three more square meals, but he couldn't see it that way. In the afternoon I got my first sickening dose of ether, and they took the first lot of iron out of me. I suppose these were just the surface deposits, for they only got five or six pieces. However, they continued systematically. I had five more operations, and every time I came out of the ether the row of bullets and shell wounds in the foot of my bed was a little longer. After the number had reached twenty-two they told me that perhaps there were a few more in here, but they thought they'd better let them stay.



Two of the Nursing Sisters Were the Coolest Individuals Present

My wounds had become septic, and it was necessary to give all attention to drainage and cure. It was about this time that everything for awhile seemed to become hazy and my memories got all queerly mixed up and confused. I recollect I conceived a violent dislike for a black dog that appeared from nowhere now and then and began chewing at my leg, and I believe I gave the nurse a severe talking to because she insisted on going to look at the ball game when she ought to be sitting by to chase that dog away. And I was perfectly certain about her being at the ball game, because I saw her there when I was playing third base.

#### The Alarming Cablegram.

It was at this time (on Nov. 28, 1916, ten days after I had been wounded) that my father in Lexington received the following cablegram from the officer in charge of the Canadian records in England:

Sincerely regret to inform you that Sergeant Alexander McClintock is officially reported dangerously ill in No. 5 general hospital from gunshot wound in left thigh. Further particulars supplied when received.

It appears that during the time of my adventures with the black dog and the inattentive nurse my temperature had ascended to the stage when the doctors began to admit another method of treatment might have been successful. But I didn't pass out. The one thing I most regret about my close call is that my parents in Lexington were in unrelieved suspense about my condition until I myself sent them a cable from London on Dec. 15. After the first official message, seemingly prepared almost as a preface to the announcement of my demise, my father received no news of me whatever. And, as I didn't know that the official message had gone, I cabled nothing to him until I was feeling fairly chipper again. You can't have wars, though, without these little misunderstandings.

If it were possible I should say something here which would be fitting and adequate about the Englishwomen who nursed the 2,500 wounded men in general hospital No. 5 at Rouen, but that power isn't given me. All I can do is to fall back upon our most profound American expression of respect and say that my hat is off to them. One nurse in the ward in which I lay had been on her feet for fifty-six hours, with hardly time even to eat. She finally fainted from exhaustion, was carried out of the ward and was back again in four hours, assisting at an operation. And the doctors were doing their bit, too, in living up to the obligations which they considered to be theirs. An operating room was in every ward, with five tables in each. After the fight on the Somme, in which I was wounded, not a table was vacant any hour in the twenty-four for days at a time. Outside of each room was a long line of stretchers containing patients next awaiting surgical attention. And in all that stress I did not hear one word of complaint from the surgeons who stood hour after hour, using their skill and training for the petty pay of English army medical officers.

On Dec. 5 I was told I was well enough to be sent to England, and on the next day I went on a hospital train from Rouen to Havre. Here I was placed on a hospital ship which every medical officer in our army ought to have a chance to inspect. Nothing ingenuity could contrive for convenience and comfort was missing. Patients were sent below decks in elevators and then placed in swinging cradles which hung level no matter what the ship's motion might be. As soon as I had been made comfortable in my particular cradle I was given a box which had engraved upon it: "Presented with the compliments of the Union Castle line. May you have a speedy and good recovery." The box contained cigarettes, tobacco and a pipe.

When the ship docked at Southampton,

after a run of eight hours across channel, each patient was asked what part of the British Isles he would like to be taken to for the period of his convalescence. I requested to be taken to London, where, I thought, there was the best chance of my seeing Americans who might know me. Say, I sure made a good guess! I didn't know many Americans, but I didn't need to know them. They found me and made themselves acquainted. They brought things, and then they went out to get more they had forgotten to bring the first trip. The second day, after I had been installed on a cot in the King George hospital, in London, I sent 1,500 cigarettes back to the boys of our battalion in France out of my



People Stand in Crowds, the Men With Hats Off, While Ambulances Pass.

surplus stock. If I had undertaken to eat and drink and smoke all the things that were brought to me by Americans just because I was an American I'd be back in that hospital now only getting fairly started on the job. It's some country when you need it.

#### Wounded Get Great Welcome.

The wounded soldier getting back to England doesn't have a chance to imagine that his services are not appreciated. The welcome he receives begins at the railroad station. All traffic is stopped by the bobbies to give the ambulances a clear way leaving the station. The people stand in crowds, the men with their hats off, while the ambulances pass. Women rush out and throw flowers to the

wounded men. Sometimes there is a cheer, but usually only silence and words of sympathy.

The King George hospital was built to be a government printing office and was nearing completion when the war broke out. It has been made a paradise for convalescent men. The bareness and the sick suggestion and characteristic smell, so to speak, of the



"I thank you," he said, "for myself and my people for your services."

average hospital are unknown here. There are soft lights and comfortable beds and pretty women going about as visitors. The stage beauties and comedians come to entertain us. The food is delicious, and the chief thought of every one seems to be to show the inmates what a comfortable and cheery thing it is to be ill among a lot of real friends. I was there from December until February, and my recollections of the stay are so pleasant that sometimes I wish I was back.

On the Friday before Christmas there was a concert in our ward. Among the artists who entertained us were Fay Compton, Gertrude Elliott (sister of Maxine Elliott), George Robie and other stars of the London stage. After our protracted stay in the trenches and our long absence from all the civilized forms of amusement the affair seemed to us the most wonderful show ever given. And in some ways it was. For instance, in the most

## Permanent Improvements

When you come to fill in your Income Tax report how much will you "write off" to permanent improvements? We venture to say that is will be several hundred dollars less than if the Associated Farmers Limited had not been organized in Lomond. It is a concern that has demonstrated its right to existence by saving to the Lomond community thousands upon thousands of dollars.

Bring in Your Plans and Specifications for an Early Estimate.

The Associated Farmers, Limited.

# Ice Cream!

First shipment of Ice Cream for us will arrive Tuesday night, April 2nd. We will carry Ice Cream in stock all the time and all kinds of soft drinks.

## Fresh Fruits Now In Stock

STRAWBERRIES

BANANAS

ORANGES, at 40c., 50c., 60c., 65c. and 75c. per dozen.

LEMONS

GRAPEFRUIT

APPLES, No.1 B.C. Yellow Newton and Winesap

## Fancy Fresh Vegetables On Hand

RHUBARB

CUCUMBERS

TOMATOES

GREEN ONIONS

RADISHES

HEAD LETTUCE

LEAF LETTUCE, Hot House.

CELERY

CAULIFLOWER

Beets, Turnips, Carrots, Cabbage, Parsnips and B. C. Ashcroft Potatoes.

Try a pound of Patterson's Creamery Butter. - Hard to Beat.

Lomond Fruit



Produce Store

entertaining of dramatic exhibitions did you ever see the lady artists go around and reward enthusiastic applause with kisses? Well, that's what we got. And I am proud to say that it was Miss Compton who conferred this honor upon me.

At about 3 o'clock on that afternoon, when we were all having a good time, one of the orderlies threw open the door of the ward and announced in a loud voice that his majesty the king was coming in. We could not have been more surprised if some one had thrown in a Mills bomb. Almost immediately the king walked in, accompanied by a number of aids. They were all in service uniforms, the king having little in the style of his uniform to distinguish him from the others. He walked around, presenting each patient with a copy of "Queen Mary's Gift Book," an artistic little volume, with pictures and short stories by the most famous of English artists and writers. When he neared my bed he turned to one of the nurses and inquired:

"Is this the one?"

The nurse nodded. He came and sat at the side of the bed and shook hands with me. He asked as to what part of the United States I had come from, how I had got my wounds and what the nature of them were, how I was getting along and what I particularly wished done for me. I answered his questions and said that everything I could possibly wish for had already been done for me.

### Thanked by King and Decorated For Bravery.

"I thank you," he said, "for myself and my people for your services. Our gratitude cannot be great enough to ward men who have served as you have."

He spoke in a very low voice and with no assumption of royal dignity. There was nothing in the least thrilling about the incident, but there was much apparent sincerity in the few words.

After he had gone one of the nurses asked me what he had said.

"Oh," I said, "George asked me what I thought about the way the war was being conducted, and I said I'd drop in and talk it over with him as soon as I was well enough to be up."

There happened one of the great disappointments of my life. She didn't see the joke. She was English. She gasped and glared at me, and I think she went out and reported that I was delirious again.

Really, I wasn't much impressed by the English king. He seemed a pleasant, tired little man with a great burden to bear and not much of an idea about how to bear it. He struck me as an individual who would conscientiously do his best in any situation, but would never do or say anything with the slightest suspicion of a punch to it. A few days after his visit to the hospital I saw in the Official London Gazette that I had been awarded the distinguished conduct medal. Official letters from the Canadian headquarters amplified this information, and a notice from the British war office informed me that the medal awaited me there. I was told the king knew that the medal had been awarded to me when he spoke to me in the hospital. Despite glowing reports in the Kentucky press he didn't pin it on me. Probably he didn't have it with him, or perhaps he didn't consider it good form to hang a D. C. M. on a suit of striped presentation pajamas with a prevailing tone of baby blue.

While I was in the King George hospital I witnessed one of the most wonderful examples of courage and pluck I have ever seen. A young Scot only nineteen years old, McAuley by name, had had the greater part of his face blown away. The surgeons had patched him up in some fashion, but he was horribly disfigured. He was the brightest, merriest man in the ward, always joking and never depressed. His own

terrible misfortune was merely the topic for humorous comment with him. He seemed to get positive amusement out of the fact that the surgeons were always sending for him to do something more with his face. One day he was going into the operating room and a fellow patient asked him what the new operation was to be.

"Oh," he said, "I'm going to have a cabbage put on in place of a head. It'll grow better than the one I have now."

Once in a fortnight he would manage to get leave to absent himself from the hospital for an hour or two. He never came back alone. It took a couple of men to bring him in. On the next morning he would say:

"Well, it was my birthday. A man must have a few drinks on his birthday."

I was discharged from the hospital in the middle of February and sent to a comfortable place at Hastings, Sussex, where I lived until my furlough papers came through. I had a fine time in London at the theaters and clubs pending my departure for home. When my furlough had arrived, I went to Buxton, Derbyshire, where the Canadian discharge depot was located, and was provided with transportation to Montreal. I came back to America on the Canadian Pacific Royal Mail steamer Metagama, and the trip was without incident of any sort. We lay for a time in the Mersey, awaiting word that our convoy was ready to see us out of the danger zone, and a destroyer escorted us 400 miles on our way.

I was informed before my departure that a commission as lieutenant in the Canadian forces awaited my return from furlough, and I had every intention of going back to accept it, but since I got to America things have happened. Now it's the army of Uncle Sam for mine. I've written these stories to show what we are up against. It's going to be a tough game against a bloody one and a sorrowful one for many, but it's up to us to save the issue where it's mostly right on our side and all wrong on the other—and I'm glad we're in. I'm not willing to quit soldiering now, but I will be when we get through with this. Because when we finish up with all this there won't be any necessity for soldiering. The world will be free of war for a long, long time, and a God's mercy that.

THE END.

### The State of Westsylvania.

The "province and government of Westsylvania" was a proposal made by the settlers in the southwest of Pennsylvania and the adjacent territory for the creation of a new state. It originated in connection with the disputes between Virginia and Pennsylvania, and the scheme was brought forward early in July, 1776. A description of the proposed government defines the bounds as "beginning at the eastern branch of the Ohio opposite the mouth of the Scioto and running thence in a direct line to the Owasioto pass, thence to the top of the Allegheny mountains, thence with the top of the said mountains to the northern limits of the purchase made from the Indians in 1768 at the treaty of Fort Stanwix, thence with the said limits to the Allegheny or Ohio river and then down the said river as purchased from the said Indians at the aforesaid treaty of Fort Stanwix at the beginning." A call for a convention to organize the government was issued, but a memorial of the Virginia committee of West Augusta county to the lower house of assembly led to the abandonment of the plan.—Philadelphia Press.

An English woman who recently died left £300 each to her coachman and his wife, and the former was also left her horses, dogs, parrots, and other animals, together with £5 a week as long as any of the animals may be living, and he shall humanely feed, maintain, and care for them.



#### KILLED TWENTY MEN.

##### Terrible Havoc Caused by a Single Chance Shot.

"There is no romance left in war; it is a dirty business, and every one of us who is in it is determined that when we finish this war, it shall be so thoroughly finished that nobody will ever start another."

Thus writes a British transport captain in a letter to an English newspaper, describing how he had just lost twenty of his men, although they were nearly a dozen miles behind the front, through a shell from a German long-range naval gun fifteen miles away. The shell was a chance shot. Here is the captain's story:

"We have descended on a war of stink-pots, of spectacled chemists leering horribly in obscure laboratories while they concoct the tortures of the damned, of medieval poisons, of flying death from the clouds. It is less like war than some elemental devilishness which man is as powerless to control as he was the volcans which overwhelmed Pompeii or St. Pierre. It is not alone in the forefront of the battle where men stand face-to-face, but in quiet places far back, when death flings himself with outrageous violence and suddenness. The dead men have never seen their foe; there has been no contest, no combat.

"I witnessed an incident to-day the like of which I have seen before, the like of which is happening every day along these hundreds of miles of battle line. It is as well you should hear of it who have a quiet roof over your heads, who wait placidly under your umbrellas at the street corner for your tram car.

"It was at a cross roads, and a vast amount of traffic was moving by it, guns and wagons and panting motor lorries and officers on horse-back and ambulances. Far in front hung motionless in the air the long row of balloons that marked the circle of the front.

"It endured perhaps but two seconds before it precipitated that frightful tragedy towards which it was moving, but every second was an age. Every man who heard it held his breath. 'Now the whistle changed to a sudden plunging roar. A quarter of a ton was falling head-long through space and yet invisible. A rocking crash, and up from the road leaped a volcano of black earth and smoke and stones. The whole air filled itself with shrieking bits of metal, whirling swathes of dust, and choking fumes. Horses were plunging, men cursing. Above all rang the screams of mortal agony.

"I gazed with horror towards the spot and saw a wagon lying with its wheels up in the ditch, its horses lying motionless nearby. In the grass by the roadside lay some inert figures of men whose absolute motionlessness told its own tale.

"One thought of the homes suddenly emptied far away, of mothers and wives and children that would wait in vain. And it has all been done by the unseen hand that had just pulled a string fifteen miles away."

#### Find Ninth Century Arms.

In the course of some excavations at Horncastle, Lincolnshire, some workmen unearthed a well-preserved human skeleton and weapons, of the Anglo-Saxon period or the ninth century A.D. There is a long sword, a large spear, and a smaller one, all of iron. The sword is remarkable for its length and its double-edged. Its total length is 33 inches, and it is 1 1/2 in. wide and tapers at the top to accommodate the handle. The spears are both socketed, and the large one, still containing the rivets which hold the shaft, is 10 1/2 inches long, somewhat lozenge-shaped, and 1 1/2 inches across at the broadest part. The smaller one is more knife-shaped, and is 7 1/2 inches in length by 3/4 inch in width. It was very unusual for the Anglo-Saxons to be buried with their swords.

## WHO CAN BEAT IT?

We can insure your farm buildings for three years at \$1.10 per hundred in the old Wawanesa Mutual Insurance Co.

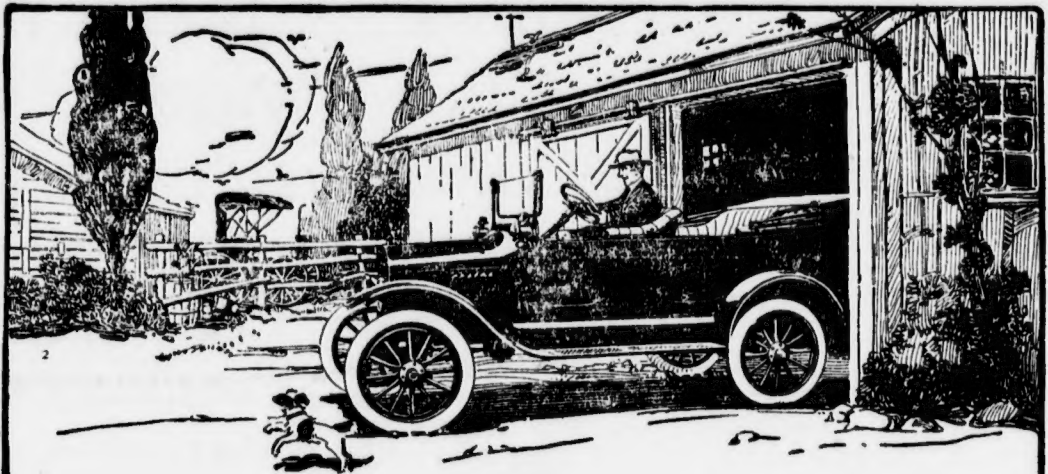
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## Replace Your Buggy With a Ford

**M**ORE than 100,000 Fords are owned by people in Canada in preference to the old horse-drawn buggy and other makes of cars.

Your neighbors, and farmers in every section of the Dominion are abandoning their old buggies—selling their driving horses and buying Fords.

Ford cars are utility cars. They are built to endure the strain of constant daily use over rough roads.

These are the tests every farmer gives his car. The Ford meets them in a satisfactory manner. It is the farmer's car, so why not replace *your* horse and buggy with a Ford?

**Ford**

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

F. O. B. FORD, ONT.

Touring	- -	\$595
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Coupe	- -	\$770
Sedan	- -	\$970
Chassis	- -	\$535
One-ton Truck		\$750

W. A. Teskey - Dealer, Lomond

# The "Cockshutt" Line!

Never before this spring have we been able to offer our customers any where near a complete line of Cockshutt implements, but we now have just unloaded several cars and have on hand----

Seed Drills      Gang Plows      Disc Plows  
Drag Harrows      Nelson Picklers  
Adams' Wagons

SEE THE FAMOUS COCKSHUTT LINE BEFORE YOU BUY

## DELANEY & ARMSTRONG

### THE MOBILIZATION OF FARM LABOR

The Department of Agriculture is localizing the work of the Provincial Labor Bureau by establishing offices in different parts of the province. Offices are already open at Edmonton, Calgary, Lethbridge and Medicine Hat, and an office will be open at Red Deer on April 1st.

It will be the business of officials at these points to secure as complete information as possible as to needs and to distribute available labor to meet the needs. Farmers should write to the agent of the Labor Bureau at the nearest point stating their wants, the special work to be done, and the wages they are prepared to pay. Those desiring work may likewise write telling what work they are prepared to do and the wages expected.

A special function of the local bureaux will be the enlistment of those not necessarily accustomed to farm work, both men and women, who are prepared to go out for the season or for shorter periods, especially in the haying and in the harvest, during the summer from the cities and towns. It is not expected that women or girls from town will be able to do work outside but they may be able to free others who can. The chief limitation for increased production with which farmers are confronted is the scarcity of labor and it is hoped that the establishing of local intelligence offices and clearing houses will result in inducing a larger proportion of our total population to give their efforts to the single and definite end of producing more food from the soil in 1918.

### SELECTING FARMS BY SOIL ANALYSIS

These are the days when old methods are passing away, and the latest thing is the selecting of farms by settlers on the basis of soil analysis. According to the Department of Colonization and Development of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company such an instance recently came to their notice. Soil from Western Canada was submitted to Professor Sievers, soil physicist of the State College of Washington, at Pullman, Washington. Professor Sievers' report on this soil should no doubt further encourage settlement in Western Canada. It reads as follows:

"We have analysed this sample and find that it runs fairly high in lime, very high in potash, phosphorus and in nitrogen; that it has a splendid supply of organic matter and is in the best of physical condition. There is nothing wrong with this soil from the standpoint of crop production, and I am satisfied it will give splendid results wherever put under cultivation."

### KIDDING THE FARMER (By Paddywhack)

The popular pastime nowadays seems to be kidding the poor old farmer. Almost every one but a farmer and a preacher has a chance to manage his own affairs. The congregation runs the preacher, and the public the farmer. No one ever thinks of going in the bank and telling the manager how run his office, or of visiting the hardware and giving the proprietors a few hints on the retail business. People assume that they know how to handle

### DAD COX'S CAFE

Known as the Lomond Tea Rooms.

### THE VERY BEST

We cook to make you eat. That's the reason we have continued in business so long. We want your money and try to give you value for your investment.

Auto livery and stage line in connection.

F. O. COX, PROPRIETOR.

their respective businesses, but alas not so with the farmer. The farmer is pictured as a poor, forlorn individual with the mental capacity of a fish-worm, who knows less the longer he farms, so anyone who ever succeeded in raising an onion in a bed of ragweed feels competent to hand him advice. It wouldn't be so bad if they merely felt competent to give the advice and let it rest there, but no, they have to offer it. Thus you see the farmer is flooded with pamphlets and circulars offering advice on every thing from raising hogs to "How to make hens lay."

### FOR SALE

1 set P. & O. engine plows, 5 stubble bottoms and 4 breaker bottoms, in good repair. Apply to J. C. Jensen, S. 1/2 of Sec. 4-16-20.

### FOR SALE

Good work mare, 1250 lbs., \$150, also a Cockshutt JGC 16 inch breaking plow in good shape.

F. NEWTON, Lomond.

### STALLION FOR SALE

Black Percheron Stallion, 1900 lbs., imported from France in 1912, coming 9 years. Can be seen at the Farrel & Porter barn after March 25th. For sale or syndicate.

GET IT AT  
THE  
"4 X"

A good stock of Fresh  
and Cured Meats.

Fish and Poultry  
in Season.

Neil & Henson  
LOMOND



# LAND! LAND! LAND!

---

If you have land to sell or if you want to buy land, come in and talk it over.

## We Have Some Good Listings

and want more. We're here to boost the famous Lomond wheat growing district and are getting in touch with a most desirable class of settlers who have the cash.

---

HOUSE FOR SALE ---  
12x24, two rooms, furnished.---W. H. Smith.

---

HALF SECTION of land,  
half mile from Lomond, a  
Snap.---W. H. Smith.

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CHEROLET CAR, 1917  
model, in good running order,  
a snap at \$450.00.

"OVERLAND" CARS

"CLEVELAND" TRACTORS

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Come and see us at our offices over the Standard Bank----

## W. H. Smith & Co.

Real Estate and Insurance

# Open at Travers!

We announce to the public that the Ford Service Station is now open for business and that "Sandy" Mitchell is on the job and ready to attend to your requirements. Our new building (52 by 120 ft.) will provide Travers motorists ample storage facilities, while the usual stock of accessories will be found on hand as well. When in Travers look us up.



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Agent for  
CANADIAN FAIRBANKS - MORSE CO.

## MRS. MITCHELL DEAD

Okotoks Review, March 22.—It was with deep regret that the residents of this town and district heard on Thursday that Mrs. Charlotte Mitchell had passed away at two o'clock that morning. The deceased lady had been confined to her bed for the last few years and while no hope was entertained of her ultimate recovery, death when it came at last was sudden. During the years of her illness she had borne great suffering with the utmost patience and Christian resignation and it is good to know that her sad end was of a peaceful nature. She passed from life to death without the people sitting in the same room being aware that they were in the valley of the shadow.

During the last years of her illness she had been looked after in the most devoted manner by her daughter, Barbara, who is heartbroken at her mother's death. Of late the assistance of a nurse has also been necessary and Mrs. Hilbert has been with the family for some time.

The late Mrs. Mitchell was 59 years old. The early part of her life was spent in the east. After the death of her husband, Wm. Mitchell of Palmerston, Ont., she moved with her family to Attwood, Ont., for a short time and then came west to Okotoks about fifteen years ago, where she has lived ever since. She leaves two daughters, Mrs. Roy Saunders and Barbara, and two sons, Lineham at the front and Alex. She is also survived by one sister, Mrs. Dave Morrison of Tongue Creek, and five brothers, Wm. Lineham of Okotoks, Dr. Dan at the front, Angus in the Peace River, and Joe and Jim in the U.S.

The funeral took place on Saturday, interment being made in the Okotoks cemetery.

## FIRST CHANCE SCHOOL REPORT

The following are the pupils who were successful in passing the Easter examinations:

Grade VII—Veda Haley, Floyd Thompson, Ward Haynes, Myrtle Foisia.  
Grade VI—Clair Haynes, Thomas Chambers.  
Grade IV—Forrest Booth.  
Grade III—Aloysius McAllister, Lloyd Purcell.  
Grade II—Pauline Holmes, Lawrence Du-rand.

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## "New Goods" Just Arrived

Gabardines, Fancy Mohairs, and Serges in plain and diagonal weave.

### TABLE LINENS

Bleached and Unbleached Serviettes, Five O'clock Tea Cloths, and a New Line of Fancy Table Cloths, Table Centres and Embroidered Cushion Tops.

## White Shoes

Ladies' and Children's White Canvas and Nubuck Shoes in High Lace and Two-Strap Slippers.

# Elliott, Argue & Co.